## THE OLD CLOCK.

The old clock croons on the sun-kissed wall-Tick, tock! tick, tock! The merry second to minutes call; Tick, tock! 'Tis morn!

A maiden sits at the mirror there, And smiles as she braids her golden hair; Oh, in the light but her face is fair! Tick, tock! tick, tock!

Far over the sea the good ship brings The lover of whom the maiden sings; From the orang: tree the first leaf springs; Tick, tock! tick, tock!

The old clock laughs on the flower-decked

wall-Tick, tock! tick, tock! The rose-winged hours clude their thrail; Tick, tock! 'Ils noon! The lover's pride and his love are blest;

The maiden is folded to his breast; On her brow the holy blos oms rest: Tick, tock! tick, tock!

Oh, thrice, thrice long may the aweet bell chime a echoing this thro' future time, Still to my heart beats that measured rhyme Tick, toen! tien, tock!

The old clock most s on the crumbling walltick, tock! tick, tock! The drear years into eternity fall;

Tick, tock! tick, tock! The thread that you spider draws with care Across the gleam of the mirror there ems like the ghost of a golden bair;

Tick, tock! tick, tock! The sweet bells chime for those who may we The neroll-snow growns many a head-But tree and maiden and lover are dead, Tick, tock! tick, tock!

## FARM, GARDEN, HOUSEHOLD

Keeping Quality of Ontons.

As most onions begin to grow very soon on the approach of mild weather in spring Dr. W. J. Beal made some experiments in improving the ke-ping quality of onions. "Several years ago quality of onions. selected in spring those white Globe onions which kept the longest without sprouting and planted them for seed. This process was repeated for some . The onions were much improved in their keeping quality, but the seeds were often of low vitality. In 1881 I began the same kind of experiment with yellow Danvers onions. From a lot of thirty bushels those only which kept longest were used for

Watt Until the Ground is Warm.

We think it will be good policy this spring for the farmers to wait until the ground is warm and the soil dry before they plant their corn, and for two reasons: A good deal of the seed corn cannot, this spring, be called a first rate article; now poor seed will frequently grow when planted in a warm, dry soil, but if planted early in wet land it will rot, and if farmers will wait until the ground is warm the seed will grow right along with a pretty sure certainty of making a good crop. Good seed corn will stand a wet and a good deal of cold weather, but poor seed will not endure either the one or the other.

Hog Pastures. Coal einders are recommended by Ohio breeders as excellent for filling low places in pig lots to prevent muddy wallows. Sows will enjoy eating coal or ashes. Even anthracite coal is not passed by them. A sow with young pigs should not run in clover fields or high grass. Pigs become chilled, and are uncomfortable much of the day. Then, short blue grass pastures are best. Sows and pigs should have ac-cess to grass lots at all times, unless, just as the frost comes out, the sod is injured by the tramping. To prevent rooting the so i, two or three rings will cure the oldest rooter. When pigs are five or six weeks old they should be taught to eat soaked shelled corn and milk or sweet slop, kept where the sows cannot reach.

Gooseberries and Currants.

Farm and Home. Cuttings of gooseberries and white planted now at any time. Single stemmed bushes should always be preferred; therefore, select the young growths of last year, which should be at least 9 inches long, 12 or 15 inches not being too much. Pick out all the eyes or buds except two or three at top, and plant firmly in rows 18 inches apart and 6 inches apart in the row. They will root in a few weeks, and as growth proceeds rick out any buds that may appear near the surface of the soil or through it, the object being to form a tree that shall have a single stem and be free from suckers. Trans plant any cut logs that were put in last season, giving them about double the space which they have had as cuttinge, and next year they will be sufficiently large to form permanent plantations. Established plantations of gooseberries and currants should be lightly "pointed" over, and a liberal mulching of stable manure afterwards given them.

Manuring. It is becoming more and more evident says Mr. Edmund Hersey, that in field culture barn manure should be applied in a fresh state, and so mingled with the soil as to encourage rapid decomposition, and thus create a me-chanical as well as a chemical action in the soil that is highly beneficial to the growing crop, which would be less if decomposition took place in the com-post heap. The over-application of phosphate and potash does not result in that loss except by leaching, which arises from the over-application of materials cortaining nitrogen and carbon, because dough the soil is filled with molecules of maneral substances, water and air, to an extent far beyond the capacity of plants to absorb, when they reach the surface of the soil the wate evaporates and the air mingles with its native element, thus separating from and leaving in the soil unconsumed the mineral elements; but when the soil is overcharged with molecules made up of air, water and nitrous acid in combination with ammonia or carbonate of ammonia, the moment they come to the air they mingle with it and are lost.

Celery. After our early crops of radishes, lettuce, beets and cabbage have been cleared off, says an Ohio gardener—pure bone dust having been used for them at the rate of 2,000 lbs. per acre—the ground is covered three to four

inches deep with street sweepings and ploughed in. Lines are made with a marker two feet and the plants are set five to six inches apart in the row. We have an unlimited supply of water and have it arranged so that it can be turned in between every row of celery and flow the entire length of the gar-den, which is 180 feet, with about ten inches fall in 1000 feet. As soon as the ground is dry enough, after flood-ing, it is well hoed with a prong hoe and the water started in again. This and the water started in again. This is continued until fall. No banking up is done except merely to keep the celery in an upright position. About the 25th of October, for this section, we may look for hard frosts. We now take up two-thirds of the celery, allowing every third row to stand and be banked up to the top with soil. The portion dug up is stored in a shed built for the purpose, which is simply a wooden walled cellar, mostly above ground.

Fruit Tree Cultura.

Western Agriculturist. 1. Instead of "trimming up" trees according to the old fashion, to make them long-legged and long-armed, trim them down, so as to make them

even, snug and symmetrical. Instead of manuring heavily in a small circle at the foot of the tree, spread the manure, if needed at all, broadcast over the whole surface, especially where the ends of the roots

can get it. Instead of spading a small circle about the stem, cultivate the whole surface broadcast.

4. Prefer a well pulverized, clean surface in an orchard, with a moderately rich soil, to heavy manuring and a surface covered with a hard crust and weeds and grass.

5. Remember that it is better to set

out ten trees with all the necessary care to make them live and flourish than to set out a hundred trees and have them all die from carelessness.

Remember that tobacco is a poison, and will kill insects rapidly if properly applied to them, and is one of the best drugs for freeing fruit trees rapidly of small vermin.

The Wealthy Apple.

W. C. Barry, of Rochester, N. Y., the veteran pomologist, secretary of the native fruit committee, in a report of new and rare fruits for 1882, speaks of the Wealthy apple as follows: "The report on apples is necessarily

brief. Unfavorable weather at the blossoming season proved disastrous to the apple crop in this vicinity, and we were unable to see or test the newer kinds. In December we had the pleas ure of examining some tine specimens of the Wealthy apple, which Mr. Peter M. Gideon, the originator brought with him from his home in Minnesota. The fruit resembles Jonathan in several respects, the flesh being white, finegrained, and flavor very good. It is certainly an iron clad in which we can all, with great eason, take much pride. The acquisition of such a valuable apole as this suggests queries something like these: Are we, as intelligent fruit growers, doing our utmost to advance the interests of pomology? Amid the cares and anxieties of our daily avocations, are we not fergetting the vast field for improvement which lies before u-? A chance seed placed in the ground may yield a product the value of which it is impossible to foretell. Now, if we sprout at oace, and the corn will soon util ze the knowledge and skill in our appear on the surface and continue to possession, and by artificial fertilization produce a seed the results of which can be anticipated with considerable accuracy, what a treasure have pecuniary reward in store for us, but a never-failing pleasure, such as will result from the study of innumerable forms and varieties which can be obtained from judic ous cross fertilization. We are trying hard in various ways to progress. Let us not overlook this art, but make intelligent use of the means at our command. Then our progress will be rapid and commensurate with the times in which we live.

Peas for Hogs.

of pea culture aside from a direct pro fit derivable from them when fed to hogs. There are but few better rctation crops than peas. A crop of peas leaves the soil in a fine condition for wheat. Besides, the manure from hogs fed on peas is regarded as superior to almost any other kind. They may be grown and fed to hogs profitably either to drink. He abused me. I wrote to in a green or matured state. Peas are cheaply grown and do not require the richest soil; and, owing to their hardy and red currants can be made, and nature, they can be sown very early in the season, thereby assisting in the with my little boy. I went out into the destruction of troublesome weeds, If world. My child died, and I bowed the object is to grow them as a green | down and wept over a pauper's grave. crop or a crop to be fed by allowing the hogs to gather them they should be sown either at different dates or the seeds should be of different varieties, so that the times of maturing will not fall together. If, however, the object be to grow them to feed after maturity and after they have been harvested The time, however, should be regulated somewhat by the season. If sown to be gathered by the hogs, one and one half bushels is about right, for its that case early varieties are used; but in sowing the latter at least two bushels should be used. For a crop pea, our fancy would favor the black be; twenty or thirty bushels on fair soil is considered a fair crop. Pea vines, or pea vine hay, is about as valuable for sheep as clover hay. If the hogs are to do the harvesting they may be tuned into the peas as soon as the peas has its maturity as soon as the peas has its maturity tread heavily, and if there is a loose board in the floor they make it squeak. This peculiarity seems to indicate that and after threshing, they should do either cooked or soaked; if used in he latter way the soaking should list twenty-four hours. We know of no hng that comes as near pertect p for nog plaster as clover, and more essystem of clover, pes, root and grain culture could be introduced here, that would make hog growing one of the most remunerative industries of the

> The queen of Roumania has published a book which she calls "Les Pen-sees d'une Reine." but some of her but some of her thoughts are less those of a queen than a woman. Such are these: "If a woman is bad the man is the cause of it;" "Do not trust a man who will not believe in thy family happiness;" "The lady of the great world seldom remains simply the wife of her own husband; "In the case of the husband unhappy love is made the excuse for pleasure without loye;" "True love knows nothing of forgiveness, for if one forgives one loves no longer;" "The jealousy of those who love us is a flattery."

State.

HE NEVER SMILED.

Father and Daughter - to Arka - sas Court

From the Arkan-as Traveler. Old Judge Grepson, a justile of the peace, was never known to smile. He came to Arkansas years ago, before the carpet baggers began their sway. and year afor year, by the will of the voters, he held his place as magistrate. The lawyers who practiced in his court never joked with him, because everyone soon learned that the old man never engaged in levity. Every morning, no matter how bad the weather might be, the old man took his place behind the bar, which, with his own hands, he had made, and every evening, just at a certain time, he closed his books and wens home No one ever engaged him in private conversation, because he would talk to no one. No one ever went to his home, a little cottage among the trees in the city's outskirts because he had never shown a disposition to make welcome the visits of those who even lived in the immediate vicinity. His office was not given him through the influence of "electioneering," because he ever asked any man for his vote. He was first elected because, having been sumroned in a case of arbitration, he exhibited the executive side of such a legal mind that the people nominated and elected him. He soon gained the name of the "hard justice," and every lawyer in Arkansas referred to his de cisions. His rulings were never reversed by the higher courts. He shewed no sentiment in decision. stood upon a platform of a law which he made a study, and no man disputed

Several days ago a woman charged with misdemeanor was arraigned be-fore him. "The old man seems more than ever unsteady," remarked a lawyer as the magistrate took his seat. "I don't see how a man so old can stand the vexations of a court much

onger." "I am not well to-day," said to judge, turning to the law-ers, "and any cases that you may he vers. have you will please dispatch them to the best, and, let me add, quickest of voor ability."

Every one saw that the old man was unusually feeble, and no one thought of a scheme to prolong a discussion, for all the lawyers had learned to almest reverence him.

"Is this the woman?" asked the judge. "Who is defending her?" "I have no defense, your honor." the woman replied. "In fact, I do not think that I need any, for I am here to confess my guilt. No man can defend me," and she looked at the magistrate with a curious gaze. 'I have been arrested on a charge of disturbing the peace, and I am willing to submit my case. I am dying of consumption, judge, and I know that any ruling made by the law can have but little of fect on me;" and she coughed a hollow, vacant cough, and drew around her an old black shawl that she wore. The expression on the face of the magistrate remained unchanged, but his eyelids dropped and he did not raise them when the woman continued: 'As I ay, no man can defend me. I am too near that awful approach, to press which we know is everlasting death to soul and to body. Years ago I was a child of brightest promise. I lived with parents in Kentucky. Wayward and light hearted, I was the admired this, judge to excite your sympathy I have many and many a time been drawn before courts, but I never before spoke of my past life." She coughed again and caught a flow of blood on a handkerchief which she pressed to her lips. "I speak of it now perause I know that this is the last court on earth before which I will be arraigned. I was fifteen years old when I fell in love with the man. father said he was bad, but I loved him. He came again and again, and when my father said that he should There are several important advancome no more I ran away and mar ried him. My father said I should never come home again. I had altages to be gained by the introduction

> so dearly, but he said that I must never again come to his home-my home, the home of my youth and happiness. How I longed to see him How I yearned to put my head on his breast. My husband became addicted my father, askirg him to let me come home, but the answer that came was, 'I do not know you.' My husband died. Homeless and wrotched, and I wrote to my father again, but he

ways been his pride, and had loved him

answered: "I knew not those who disobey my commandments." I turned away from that 'etter hardened. I embracedsin. I rushed madly into vice. I spurned my teachings. I was time and time again arrested. Now I am here." Several lawyers rushed forthreshed, &s., the seed may be of one ward. A crimson tide flowed from variety. In this case they should be her lips. They learned her lifeless sown not later than the 1st of May. head back against the chair. The old magistrate had not raised his eyes. "Great God!" said a lawyer, "he is

dead." The woman was his daughter. A House Full of Spooks. A tremendous ghost story comes from Hartford. There is a "haunted house" there which is fairly crowded with spooks. They pervade it from attie to basement and conduct themselves as if they owned the place. Ghosts are us-

This peculiarity seems to indicate that they originally came from Chicago, if the endless series of gibes at the big feet of Chicago maidens have any foundation in fact. They first appeared in the sitting-room, walking heavily pecially it land plaster—gypsum—is about while the lady of the house was alone in the dining-room below. When specially of clover, per root and grain room the footsteps ceased, and nobody was visible. After repeating this per-formance several times, the spooks tried a change and began to walk heavily about the hall and up and down the stairs during the night. They en-joyed this apparently, for they did it very night, naturally causing consid-

erable uneasiness among the other and earthly occupants of the house. One night the man of the house braced himself up for a test. When he heard the footsteps ascend the stairs and ap-proach his door, he opened it and step-ped out into the hall, shutting and lock-ing the door behind him. Instantly the sound in the hall ceased, but began immediately in the room he had left. He knew there could be no doubt about it, for there was a loose board in the floor, and every time the spook trod on that it gave a fa niliar squeak which it

was accustomed to emit whenever s human being walked over it. This was a very interesting performance, and the excitement it caused aroused the spooks

to fresh exertion. They began to prance about the house with lights. Heavy footfalls and glancing lights appeared all over the house nearly every night, and all through the day tramp tramp, tramp was kept up in the sit-ting room. It was becoming a very lively house to live in and to sleep in, and a somewhat uncomfortable one. But the spooks were not yet at the

end of their resources. One evening the lady of the house, who was not feel-ing quite well, owing to the supernat-urally active condition of things around her, was mixing a quieting potion, when the spoon jumped out of the cup and fell upon the floor. At the same moment she heard a crash in a neighboring cupboard, and looking in there, found a tumbler with a hole pierced in it as if a pistol ball had been shot at it. Both these "manifestations" happened while the lady stood in a well-lighted room. After this display of power t'e spooks became more quiet. They had shown what they could do, and they went back to their tramping, leaving the spoons and tumblers in peace. A spook who treads heavily and carries a lantern is merely an unpleasant thing to have in the house, but when he takes to carrying a pistol he becomes dangerous, and we are not surprised to learn that after herex erience with the spoon and the tumbler the lady of the house began to inquire for a "medium" who might catch the troublesome visitors. The "medium" has not yet appeared, but she or he is likely to shortly, when the usual admission fee will doubtless be charged to witness the capture of

the spooks in nightly "seances. The daughter of the house shows s'gas of turning "medium" herself, for she has been able to see "visible forms," one of which "appeared to be a man of middle age, with black hair and a long black beard." The dimensions of the spook's feet are not given, bu: they will probably be described, possi-bly photographed by the spirit process, in the next bulletins.

Impressions During a Battle.

A recent writer thus speaks of his exeriences and feelings in a battle: is always fashionable to give first impression. Shall I give you mine? I shall assume an affirmative without affording time for rebuff. First, was disrelled the lifelong illusion that battles were the orderly moves of a game of chess. Campaigns may be likened, as I have heard them, to the manipulations of that game, but battles are made up of a series of experiments, more or less protracted, according to the ingenuity of the commander, and the experiness of his officers and men. The results of a faro bank can be calculated with as much accuracy as the results of a battle field. It is the veriest chance-the victory, as in all games of course, inclining to those who are most cool, and therefore the most likely to perceive advantages. Second, I have overrated the danger of the battle Here for five hours we have exchanged cannon balls, bullets, bayonet thrusts and saber strokes, and literally there is 'nobody hurt,' the loss in killed and wounded on our side being about one in 200 of those engaged. These are my impressions. Are they not the counter part of all experiences on the battle

fear, you have, nevertheless, tained an opinion that possibly lightning migat strike where you were standing. For the three-quarters of an hour that I was under fire, as a non-combatant, there was almost a continuous thunder of artillery. I cou'd realize no special danger, but only an ill defined thought that possi bly some of these flying missiles might come over where I stood in the way. On comparing views with the other situated like myself, encountering the same opportunities and with similar purpsses, I find that they had the same sensations, so that I may fairly assume that the mass of men under fire have little or no thought for personal conse-quences, and that cowardice is not a cormal characteristic of the human

The Governor's Palace in New Mexico. Ed win Cowles.

"The Governor's Palace," the "Pal

ace of the Casars," as Governor Sheldon calls it, is a low, one story building, 250 feet long, with a moder: built plazza extending the whole length of the front. It is built of adore brick plastered over in front and whitewash ed. The back yard, called here the "placita," is surrounded by an acobe mud walk, and the rear of the palace is of the same material and of pure mud color. This palace was erected somewhere about 1585, and was the residence of innumerable Spanish governors down to the time of the cession of New Mexico to the United States. Previously Mexico was famous for the number of its revolutions, and whenever a revolution occurred a governor would be bounced from the "Palace of the Casars," and a new one would take his place. Governor Sheldon boasts of having a greater number of 'illustrious predecessors' than any of his brother governors throughout the union. Some of his "illustrious pre-decessors" have made room for their successors by being led out into the placita and there summarily shot. Frequently a Spanish governor would avail himself of his arbitrary power and order a person to be taken into the placita and shot. Governor Sheldon recently had a sewer trench dug in his placita, and a skeleton was found, either of some former Spanish gover-nor or a victim who had been executed by his order. In one of the palaces the territorial legislature meets, and the other end is occupied by "his ex-cellency," the "Viceroy" Sheidon. I can assure his many friends in Northern Ohio that he bears his honors meekly and in a becoming spirit. The pal ce fronts on the plaza, a small park of about two and a half acres In former years the Mexicans were wont to me on this plaza and have their bull fights, chicken fights, get drunk, and gener-ally end the performance with a light among themselves. In all the pastime the padres (priests) would frequently be a ost at home.

People who follow the tashion and think they must do certain things simp-ly because other people do them will do ell to commit to memory these words of Rochester:

Custom does often reason overrule, And only serves for reason to the fool. There is a great deal of unmapped country within us which would have to

DAN RICE ON TEMPERANCE.

he Old Clows Relates If is Experience wi the Flowing Bowl.

From the N.w York Times. Col. Rice, being introduced, remarked, after a bass) profundo "ahem." which made the audience start, that there was a destiny which shapes our ends, rough-hew them though we may. Mr. Rice continued that he felt nervous. ecause some friends had rattled him by alleging that he was going back into the circus ring simply for the reason that he was going to lecture in the wig-wam. That did not deter him from appearing, however, for he had lectured all through the South for charity, and paid his own bills -except where he was able to stand 'em off. [Murmurs of sympathy.] Here the colonel said that he had been a very bad man in his time, but had made a departure from the tents of the wicked. 'Moody, Sankey and Dan Rice,' said the speaker, 'will be spoken of as a trio who lived only to do good to their fellow-men" He re-called the days when he used to par-take of the cup which simultaneously cheers and inebriates, and said that he used to think he could drink more than any body else without showing it, until he tried conclusions with a man named Jewell, who belonged to the custom house, and a fellow named Morse. They get him under the table and went home sober themselves, and he had always regretted it. Col. Rice's advice to young men was not in accordance with the orthodox belief expressed by temper ance lecturers. The colonel said: "If any young man wants to be a true temperance man let him go and get the deirium tremens; that'll settle it." further held out encouragement to youths so disposed by telling of a young fellow he knew in Evansville, Ind., who had delirium tremens so terribly that he thought he'd been in he'l fifteen years, and when he gave up drinking the ladies took an interest in him and bought him a gold watch and chain. The speaker had never yet seen a man get so drunk as he had been himself. Talk about seeing snakes!" said be. I've seen anacondas, rhinosrihorses, hyenas, elephants. Talk about your Pilots and your Jumbos! Why, I've seen, I've seen -- " and the colone!

left his audience to infer that his vision was preposterous beyond the power of description. He related a touching tale of a gentleman residing in Illinois who got up one morning after he had been on "racket," and finding his money all gone, looked through the house, discovered a quarter in a drawer, approprinted it, nied him to a saloon, invied two friends to drink with him, and paid the quarter for the aforementioned three drinks. They were just wiping their months when the rumseller's hitch daughter came in and said, "Pau. gimme a quarter to buy a beefsteak for breakfast," and her devoted parent handed over the coin he had just received for the three drinks. Then the gentleman revived and refreshed, went nome to his own matutinal meal, and found upon the table nought but bread and coffee. Of his wife he inquired why in the ensanguined Hades there was no beefsteak. She replied that somebody had stolen the quarter she had put by to purchase it, e.ge, she had been o liged to do without. The genleman pondered for a moment and then registered a men'al vow that he would purchase no more steaks for rumsellers' breakfasts. He has never drank

warded and vice punished, and witadrew amid thunders of applause.

Blood Hounds. A writer says of blood hounds: This s one of the breeds that is fast dying out. Plenty of helf-breeds can be found, but few thorougabred. Opinions differ as to where they originally came from, but from such information as I have been able to obtain I am inlined to refer them to the West Indies. What use the animals are in a cultivated country I am at a loss to understand. They are certainly neither handsome nor good tempered, and can seldom be trusted; while a bad-tempered bloodhound is as bad and dangerous as any wild beast. Few people seem to have any idea of what a blood-hound proper s like, and I have seen animals put forward as thoroughbreds that had not one characteristic of the blood-hound about them. I am told that in the island of Cuba there is a rough variety bred, but up to the present time I have not come across one of this kind. The present race of blood-hounds bred and exhibited in England is a smooth coat-

d dog, and there is a famous kennel of them up in the North. Recently, before leaving England, I vas commissioned to obtain a bloodhound for a client, my limits as to price being £100, but I was unsucessful in getting a satisfactory specimen even at that price. This will show blood-hound and his scent-tracking qualities need correction. True, a blood-hound will follow an uncrossed track of some animal, instead of the hear of slave-hunting, although if at the gate, perfectly willing to taken an unfrequented path, where, probably, no other scent is likely unted down are great. In conclusion, I should dissuade any one asking my

Establish Order.

army. Without this success is not only doubtful, but seriously endangered. It is not less so on the farm. The owner and manager is the major general on the farm. Want of punctuality, partments of the farm. The farmer must be punctual to his engagements, and in his home. If he is called away from the farm, his wife, and whoever has charge in his absence, should know hold ample time to prepare the meals as well as doing up the work aftermeals. Exact time for doing the chores should be observed and the time for going to the field, and for returning in the evening should be established and strictly he taken into account in explanation of observed, giving all the hands time to self, and the gaunt worf shoulders his triedit myself, and know that it is good."—Portion our gusts and storms.—George Eliot. finish up the chores before dark, pre-

renting cause of complaint and grumb ling. Give !oiterers who come about during working hours to talk at d delay. to understand that there is time for

business, but none for gossip. Farmers think they should be courteous to all callers. All gentlemen know the importance of time on the farm, but such as do not know or appreciate time can be dismissed summarily without a breach of good breeding. On the farm, and every where else

an intelligent, industrious and honest young man who works in the field, or a worthy girl in the kitchen, is as respectable as any specimen of human-ity on earth, and the proprietor by his intercourse and dealings with them should make them feel their equality. Caltivate a good feeling between labor ers and employer, and thereby benefit both financially and socially. Close up as far as possible the chasm grow-up in this country between labor and capital. It is a growing evil, the results of which future history can only reveal.

Stay at home. Watch every department of the farm operations. Keep up a personal acquaintance with all your stock, so they will not flee from you as a stranger. Stimulate boys on the farm and female help to higher and nobler aims, by rewards and words of approval. And in all things observe order, harmony and punctual-

BUDDHIST MONKS. The Great Lamaseries in Chinese Tartary, The Rev. Father Huc, a Roman Catholic missionary in Tartary and Thi-bet, describes his surprise at his first sight of the vast and numerous Buddhist menasteries in those regions. The first to which he came had in it 2,000 monks, or lamas; but afterward he reached another where there were 30,-000 lamas, with an abbot at their head, whose power was so great that the em-peror of China was constantly in fear of his influence over the Tartar tribes. The Buddhist monks, he found, take the same three yows which are imposed on all the orders of Christian monks—namely, of poverty, chastity and obedience, and all the Buddhist priests are monks, and nearly all are mendicants. They go out every day, stopping a moment in silence before each house, and receive the rice which may be put into the bowl which they carry. If none is given them they go in silence to the next house. This is done when they are near cities or towns: but when, like Father Huc's hospitable entertainers, they are from any surroun ing population, they are allowed, it seems, to support themselves by pastoral and agricultural labors. One of the greatest lamaseries in Chinese Tartary, where Father Huc was entertained, is described by him thus: He arrived in the place at 9 o'clock in the evening, and was met by four lamas. of whom he said their red scarfs, their an old door-knob. grave manners and low voices made on him a profound impression. "They seemed, ' said he, to waft towards us the breath of a monastic, religious life. In order not to disturb the deep silence which hushed the place, the bells on the horses were stuffed with straw. 'Ever Slowly, and without speaking, they, passed along those calm and deserted reets." This solemn and majestic silence, as he calls it, was only interrupted by the hollow and melancholy gound of a horn which marked the

field? A friend asks me the feeling of a non-combatant under fire. Were and wore a plug hat on Suadays you ever caught in the open fields when a heavy thunder storm was raging? If you have been, and no special ing? If you have been, and no special ing? If you have been, and no special ing? If you have been, and no special in the open fields when a heavy thunder storm was raging? If you have been, and no special in the open fields and legal holidays. The speaker related other incidents of a similar nature, in which virtue was always related other incidents of a similar nature. cooking retensils, and a stable for his said the Dorking man. "I tied a whole horse and mule. Hereupon the good red woolen shirt on one list spring. Roman Catholic exclaims: How powerful is religion over the heart of man, even when it is a false religion. What a difference between these lamas, so hospitable, generous, and brotherly in their treatment of strangers, and the covetous Chinese who even demand payment of the traveler for a glass of water." The lamas helped him move into his house, carrying his baggage on their shoulders, swept his rooms. lighted his fire, got ready his stable and finished by giving him a dinner.

THE PANORAMA OF A NIGHT. our Views of the World Sketched in the

Darkest Hour. Detroit Free Press. It is night. A policeman awakes with a sudden start and moves around the corner, having a secret fear at his heart that he had slept through all that night, all next day, and far into to-morrow night. It is night in a great city. The poker and faro rooms are in full blast, 10,000 loafers are holding down stree corners, and here and there an intoxicated alderman can be seen making his way to a policy shop or a gathering of the pavement ring. Under cover of darkness, first manufactured over 6,000 years ago, the hotel beat lowers his duds from the fourth story window; all who have dead head tickets start for the opera house; hunthe value placed on these animals as dreds of young men set out to spark; rarities. The general idea about a reporters look forward to fires, robberies and murders, and church choirs meet to rehearse and wrangle and lay

up clubs for each other. trail, but will always, for choice, take the newest scent, and, in many instances, has led his followers on the hushed, and the tired horse munches at his corn. and wonders why his mastrail he was set on to hunt. Not much ter throws in so many cobs without a reliance can be placed on the tales we kernel on them. The watch dog sits there be but one runaway, and he has up any of the neighbors for a cent, and in the farmhouse all is serene, or would be, if John Henery could find the grease cross his track, the chances of his being | for his boots, Mary Ann could find ker novel, the old man could discover the hiding place for the boot-jack, and the advice on becoming the possessor of nother solve the mystery of how some what, at present, I can only regard as of her neighbors manage to get a dress nother solve the mystery of how some a useless and dangerous incumbrance. costing two shillings per yard when she had nothing but calico.

'Tis night on the ocean. The proud starting out on a season's campaign impresses on all inferior officers the importance of order disciplinations. steamer sails gallantly on and on, the impresses on all inferior officers the and everything in readiness to swear, importance of order, discipline, and a in case of collision, that it was all strict obedience to all the rules of the the other vessel's fault. Nothing is heard but the steady beat of the pro-peller, the groans of the immigrants, and the voices of men and women de coarteg that anybody who plans an coan voyage for pleasure ought to be shot. The sportive dolphing ambles neglect or carelessness on his part of shot. The sportive dolphin gambles carry confusion and defeat in all deaway his hard earrings, the whale rolls over for snother nap, and the business like shark follows in the wake to pick up any opportunities which may tumble

'Tis night on the prairie. The red exactly when he will return. There exactly when he will return. There should be stated and uniform times for count the scalps they have taken withmen gather about the camp fire to government for not furnishing them with port wine and repeating rifles. The white hunter and trapper curls himself up to wonder where he can find old bones for breakfast and to realize what a fool he has made of him-

of something to make life worth living

for.

Night grows apace. In the city the weary wife takes her place in the hall with club in hand. In the country the old folks fall into bed weary with the work of the day, and the young people spark and pop corn. On the ocean the sea-sickers continue to grow worse, and the song of the mermids fall flat. On the prefrict the Indians finally de-On the prairie the Indians finally decide to make war in the spring, the hunter falls asleep to dream of eating his boots for dinner, and the wolf meets a wildcat and offers to toss up to see which eats the other.

THE OPENING GATES.

They Are Not Strangers, Mamma.

Not long ago I stood by the death bed of a little girl. From her birth she had been atraid of death. Every ther of her bedy and soul recoiled from the thought of it. "Don't let me die," she said. "Don't let me die. Hold me fast. Oh, I can't go!" "Jenny," I said, you have two little brothers in the other world, and there are thous-ands of tender hearted people over there who will love you and take care of you." But she cried out again de-spairingly: "Don't let me go! They are strangers over there." She was a little country girl, strong limbed, fleet of foot, tanned in the face; she was raised on the frontier, the fields were her home. In vain we tried to reconcile her to the death that was inevi-table. "Hold me fast," she cried, "don't let me go." But even as she was pleading her little hands relaxed their clinging hold from my waist and lifted themselves eagerly alaft; lifted themselves with such straining offorts that they lifted the wasted little body from its reclining position among the pillows. Her face was turned upward; out it was her eyes that told the story. They were filled with the light of Divine recognition. They saw something plainly that we could not see: and they grew brighter and brighter. and her little hands quivered in eager-ness to go where strange portals had opened upon her astonished vision. But even ir that surpreme moment she did not forget to leave a word of comfort for these who would have gladly died in her place. "Mamma," she was saying, "mamma they are not strangers. I am not afra:d." And every instant the light burned more ploriously in the blue eyes, till at last seemed as if her soul leaped forth upon its radiant waves, and in that moment her trembling form relapsed among the pillows and she was gone.

The Inadvertence of Setting Hens. Detroit Free Press.

This is the season when hens run mad and will not be comforted unless tuey can hide away somewhere and sit day and night on a wooden nest-egg or

Several men were discussing this question in a grocery store one evening recently. A man who owns a large flock of Dorkings remarked, "Not even an act of Congress can break up a set-

"Ever tried jammin' 'em under a barrel an' pourin' wa'er on 'em?" demanded the man on the sagar barrel.
"Yes," said the Dorking man; "I've

poured water on 'em 'till they grew web-footed, like a blamed duck, and afterwards found 'em in an old coal hod setin' away on lumps of coal."
"Tie a red rag round one wing,"

and dog my cats if she didn't make a nest of it and set three weeks on the buttons!

Then the grocer said it was time to close up, and each man girded up his loins and slowly filed out.

Speak the truth; yield not to anger; give, when asked of the little thou hast; by these three steps thou shalt go near the gods.—Buddha.

When you visit or leave New YorkCity, save Baggage, Expressage and Carriage hire and stop at GRAND UNION HOTEL, opposite Grand Central Depot. 450 elegant rooms fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, reduced to \$1 and upwards per day. European plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroads to all depots. Families can live better for lease more, at the Grand Linion Hotel. ter for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other his class hotel in the city.

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ause it-Kidney-Wort-cured my piles."

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'Mr. Waiter Cross, my customer, was prostrated with rheumatism for two years; tried, in valo, at remedica; Kidney-Wort alone cured him, I have